

Miscellaneous.

FOR YOUTHS.

The Boy that ran away.

Well, here I am, after my night's walk, once more in the village where I was born. The sun is up now, and shining brightly.—Things appear the same, and yet different.—How is it? There was a big tree used to stand at the corner; and where is the Carver's Cottage?

Three days ago I landed at Portsmouth.—It was on my birth-day. For ten long years have I been sailing about on the sea and wandering about on the land. How things come over me! I am a man; but for that I could sit down and cry like a child.

It seems but as yesterday since I ran away from home. It was the worst day's work I ever did. I got up in the morning at sunrise, while my father and mother were asleep.—Many and many a time had I been unkind to my dear mother, and undutiful to my father, and the day before he told me how wrong it was. He spoke kindly and in sorrow, but my pride would not bear it; I thought I would leave home. What is it that makes me tremble now?

My father coughed as I crept by his doors, and I thought I heard my mother speak to him, so I stood a moment, with my little bundle in my hand, holding my breath. He coughed again. I have seemed to hear that cough in every part of the world.

When I had unlocked the door, my heart failed me; for my sister had kissed me over night, and told me she had something to tell me in the morning. I knew what it was; she had been knitting a pair of garters to give me on my birth-day. I turned back, opened the door of her little room, and looked at her; but my tears fell on the bed clothes, and I was afraid it would wake her. Half blinded, I groped down stairs.

Just as I had gently closed the door, the casement rattled above my head. I looked up, and there was my mother. She spoke to me, and when I did not answer she cried out aloud to me. That cry has rung in my ear ever since; ay, in my very dreams!

As I hurried away, I felt, I suppose, as Cain felt when he murdered his brother.—My father, my mother, and my sister had been kind to me. I had been unkind to them; and in leaving thus, I felt as if I was murdering them all.

Had I been a robber I could not have felt more guilty. But what do I say that for? I was a robber! I was robbing them of their peace. I was stealing that from them that the whole world could not make up for them; yet on I went. O, that I could bring back that hour!

The hills look as purple as they did when I used to climb them. The rocks are cawing among the elms by the church. I wonder if they are the same rocks! There's a shivering comes over me as I get nearer home. Home! I feel that there's no home for me.

Here is the corner of the hedge, and the old seat; but my father is not in it. There is the patch of ground that my sister called her garden, but she is not walking in it. And yonder is the bed-room window; my mother is not looking out of it now. That cry! that cry!

I see how it is. There are none of them here, or things would not look as they do. Father would not let the weeds grow in this fashion, nor the thatch fall in, and my mother and my sister never suffer that straw through the broken panes.

I'll rap at the door anyhow. How hollow it sounds! Nobody stirs. All is silent as the grave. I'll peep in at the window. It's an empty house, that's clear. Ten long years! How could I expect it to be otherwise? I can bear hard work and thirst, but I can't bear this.

The elderberry is in blossom as it was when I ran away; and the woodbine is as fresh as ever, running to the window that my mother opened to call after me. I could call after her now loud enough to be heard a mile, if I thought she could hear me.

It's no use stopping here. I'll cross the churchyard and see if the clerk lives where he did; but he wouldn't know me. My cheek was like the rose when I went away, but the sun has made it another color. This is a new gate. How narrow the path is between the graves! The old sun-dial I see standing there yet.

The last time I was in that church my father was with me, and the text was—"My son, hear thou the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother." O, What a curse we bring upon us when we despise God's holy word!

My uncle lies under the yew-tree, there, and he had a gravestone. Here it is—It's written all over now, quite to the bottom: "In memory of Humphrey Haycroft." But what is the name under? "Walter Haycroft." My father! my father! "And Mary his wife." O, my mother! and are you both gone? God's hand is heavy upon me! I feel it with my heart and soul.

And there is another name yet, and it's freshly cut. "Esther Haycroft, their daughter, aged 24." My father! my sister! my mother! Why did not the sea swallow me up when I was wrecked? I deserved it. What is the world to me now? I feel, bitterly feel, the sin of disobedience; the words come to me now, "The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pluck it out, and the young eagles shall eat it."

But yet I recollect how my dear father and mother used to point me to the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world. "There is no refuge beside," said mother; "Christ is able and willing to save." I paid but little attention to these words once. O, may I never forget them now!

The Minister who cannot please all.

A writer in the *Religious Herald*, enumerates the following complaints, which are often urged against the ministry:—

1. You don't study enough.
2. You study too much.
3. You appear haughty and reserved.
4. You are too free and chatty for a minister.
5. You are too particular about your dress.
6. You are careless about your appearance.
7. Your sermons are too learned.
8. Some of your discourses are too loud and vulgar.
9. You preach too much to Christians.
10. You preach too much to the impenitent.
11. You ought not to say so much about baptism.
12. You do not preach enough on baptism.
13. You have too much of hell fire and awful things in your sermons.
14. You preach too often about temperance.
15. You dwell too much on money.
16. You don't say enough about giving to support Christ's Gospel.
17. Your sermons are too long.
18. You preach too short.
19. You have too much action.
20. You "holler" too much in preaching, for our folks isn't deaf.
21. You speak so low that many can't hear you.
22. You love popularity more than a minister should.
23. You are too personal in your services.
24. You scold too much in preaching.

Are You Insured?

The necessity of insurance, whether for life or against fire, is exemplified every day by the deaths of heads of families or the destruction of property by the devouring element. It is a duty every man owes his family, that he not only protects its members from poverty, but provides beyond contingency for those he leaves behind. By the report of the Comptroller of the State of New York, it appears that more than half a million dollars have been paid within the preceding year, to the survivors of those whose lives were insured; and that in most of the cases, the recipients were destitute widows and orphans. This proves the immense amount of life insurance business transacted, with an extended appreciation of its benefit, and that money paid into insurance companies is not lost, but is so much gathered into the garner of safety and disbursed when by death it shall be called for, to supply the needy and homeless. It is gratifying to observe so large an increase in this description of investment, and a manifestly growing desire to secure through this medium a comfortable living to surviving relations.

Every man of family should be insured—and the poorest amongst us can afford to do so; but unfortunately, too many wait until the fell destroyer lays his cold hand upon the mortal frame, and then they feel the curse of having procrastinated the intention to insure, till it had become too late. The bitterest agony to a dying man is the thought, that the objects of his affections, his wife and children, are unprovided for. The sad reflection can be prevented by life insurance.—"He that provideth not for his own is worse than an infidel."

We have heard of many striking instances of the utility of life insurance. A merchant in Brooklyn insured his life for \$5000, payable to his

wife and children. He died of cholera, and his wife soon followed him to the grave, leaving three orphan children with nothing but \$5000 to feed, clothe and educate them. This sum, judiciously expended, will sustain them in comparative comfort, instead of having to depend upon the cold hand of charity—extended, perhaps, from an almshouse. Another person insured for \$3,500, and paid one quarter's premium, something about \$8. He died of cholera; and his wife was thus secured this addition to an otherwise scanty supper. We need not mention one more, which came within our own knowledge:—A gentleman once connected with the *N. Y. Herald*, insured his life for \$5000, and had paid the premium for little more than one year, when, on his way to California, he was stricken down in the full vigor of his manhood, by the unsparing hand of death, leaving a widow and three children. The insurance company with whom the policy was effected, promptly paid the \$5000 to the executors, waiving the sixty days notice to which they were entitled, and without waiting for the usual forms or medical certificate of death.

As to the necessity of insurance, we need but point to the fact that many millions of property are yearly consumed by fire in New York alone.—Every day brings some new illustration of the utility of insuring against loss by fire. Insure, we say—insure.—*N. Y. Herald*.

Individual Responsibility.

The moment a man parts with moral independence; the moment he judges of duty, not from the inward, but from the interests and will of a party; the moment he commits himself to a leader or a body, and winks at evil because division would hurt the cause; the moment he shakes off his particular responsibility, because he is but one of a thousand or million by whom the evil is done—that moment he parts with his moral power. He is shorn of the energy of single hearted faith in the right and the true. He hopes from man's policy what nothing but loyalty to God can accomplish. He substitutes coarse weapons, forged by man's wisdom, for celestial power.—*Channing*.

EFFECTIVE RETALIATION.—A Quaker had a quarrelsome neighbor whose cow being suffered to go at large, often broke into the Quaker's well cultivated garden. One morning, having driven the cow from his premises to her owner's house he said to him. "Friend T., I have driven thy cow home once more, and if I find her in my garden again——" "Suppose you do?" his neighbour angrily exclaimed, "what will you do?" "Why," said the Quaker, "I'll drive her home to thee again, Friend T." The cow never again troubled the Quaker.

EVERY MOMENT SUNDAY.—By different nations every day in the week is set apart for public worship: Sunday by the Christians, Monday by the Grecians, Tuesday by the Persians, Wednesday by the Assyrians, Thursday by the Egyptians, Friday by the Turks, Saturday by the Jews. Added to the fact of diurnal revolution of the earth, giving every variation of longitude a different hour, and it becomes apparent that every day is sacred somewhere.

ORIGIN OF SPECTACLES.—Spectacles were first known about the commencement of the fourteenth century; it being stated in 1337, in an inscription upon a tomb, that a nobleman of Florence, named Salvatius Armaters, was the inventor. The man, however, who first made the invention public, was Alexander Spine, a resident of Paris. He happened to see a pair in the hands of a person, who either would not, or could not explain their principle to him. but he succeeded in making a pair for himself, and immediately made their construction public for the good of others.

Among our forefathers, it was a maxim that a young woman should never marry until she had spun enough linen to furnish her house; and from this custom all unmarried women were called "Spinsters," an appellation they still retain in all law proceedings.

A NOBLE HEARTED WIFE.—A romantic story of female devotedness has just been circulated at Valence. It is stated that a Prussian woman, named Hipson, has been working in male attire as a navvie on the railway, for more than five years. She had an infirm husband and four children, their family was starving; she disguised herself, worked hard, and had her wages advanced for her ability; with her earnings she supported her pretended "father" and "brothers and sisters," her husband and her children. When her secret was discovered gifts poured in upon her from the neighbourhood, and work more suited to her sex has been provided.

The Road to Health.



Holloway's PILLS.

CURE OF A DISORDERED LIVER AND BAD DIGESTION.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. R. W. Kirkus, Chemist, Prescott Street, Liverpool, dated 6th June, 1851.

To Professor HOLLOWAY.

SIR,—Your Pills and Ointment have stood the highest on our sale list of Proprietary Medicines for some years. A customer, to whom I can refer for any enquiries, desires me to let you know the particulars of her case. She had been troubled for years with a disordered liver, and bad digestion. On the last occasion, however, the violence of the attack was so alarming, and the inflammation set in so severely, that doubts were entertained of her not being able to hear up under it; fortunately she was induced to try your Pills, and she informs me that after the first, and each succeeding dose, she had great relief. She continued to take them, and although she used only three Boxes, she is now in the enjoyment of perfect health. I could have sent you many more cases, but the above, from the severity of the attack, and the speedy cure, I think, speaks much in favor of your astonishing Pills. (Signed) R. W. KIRKUS, AN EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF RHEUMATIC FEVER, IN VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

Copy of a Letter inserted in the Hobart-Town Courier, of the 1st March, 1851, by Major J. Walsh.

Margaret M. Connigan, nineteen years of age, residing at New Town, had been suffering from a violent rheumatic fever for upwards of two months, which had entirely deprived her of the use of her limbs: during this period she was under the care of the most eminent medical men in Hobart Town, and by them her case was considered hopeless. A friend prevailed upon her to try Holloway's celebrated Pills, which she consented to do, and in an incredible short space of time they effected perfect cure.

WONDERFUL EFFICACY OF HOLLOWAY'S PILLS, IN CASES OF DROPSY.

Persons suffering from Dropsy, either about the turn of life, or at other times, should immediately have recourse to these Pills, as hundreds of persons are annually cured, by their use, of this direful complaint in its different stages, when all other means had failed.

CURE OF A PAIN AND TIGHTNESS IN THE CHEST AND STOMACH OF A PERSON 84 YEARS OF AGE.

From Messrs. Thew & Son, Proprietors of the *Lynn Advertiser*, who can vouch for the following statement.—August 2nd, 1851.

To Professor HOLLOWAY,

SIR,—I desire to bear testimony to the good effects of Holloway's Pills. For some years I suffered severely from a pain and tightness in the stomach which was also accompanied by a shortness of breath, that prevented me from walking about. I am 84 years of age, and notwithstanding my advanced state of life, these Pills have so relieved me, that I am desirous that others should be made acquainted with their virtues. I am now rendered, by their means comparatively active, and can take exercise without inconvenience or pain, which I could not do before.

(Signed)

HENRY COE.

North Street, Lynn, Norfolk.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF THE GRAVEL, AND A MOST DANGEROUS FEVER COMPLAINT.

Copy of a Letter addressed to J. K. Heyden, Esq., Sydney, New South Wales, dated Feb. 25th, 1851.

SIR—A Mr. Thomas Clark, a Settler at Lake George was for a considerable time seriously afflicted with a Complaint of the Liver, together with the Gravel. His medical attendants, after trying all their skill, candidly told him that his case was hopeless, and any further efforts useless. In this situation, and when expecting every day would terminate his existence, a friend recommended him to try Holloway's Pills, and as a forlorn hope he did so, the first gave him considerable relief, he therefore persevered in taking them according to the directions, and is now restored to health. He will feel great pleasure in confirming this statement, or even make an affidavit to the same effect, should it be required.

(Signed)

WILLIAM JONES, Proprietor of the

Goulburn Herald, New South Wales.

These celebrated Pills are wonderfully efficacious in the following complaints.

Ague, Asthma, Bilious Complaints, Blotches on the Skin, Bowel Complaints, Colics, Constipation of the Bowels, Consumption, Debility, Dropsy, Dysentery, Erysipelas, Female Irregularities, Fevers of all kinds, Fits, Gout, Head-ache, Indigestion, Inflammation, Jaundice, Liver Complaints, Lumbago, Piles, Rheumatism, Retention of Urine, Scrofula or King's Evil, Sore Throats, Stone and Gravel, Secondary Symptoms, Tic Douloureux, Tumours, Ulcers, Venereal Affections, Worms of all kinds, Weakness from whatever cause, &c. &c.

Sold by the Proprietor, 244, Strand, (near Temple Bar), London; and by S. L. TILLEY Provincial Agent, No. 15, King Street, St. John, N. B.; A. Coy & Son, Fredericton; W. T. Baird, Woodstock; Alexander Lockhart, Quaco; James Beck, Bend of Petitcodiac; O. K. Sayre, Dorchester; John Bell, Shediac; John Lewis, Hillsborough; John Curry, Canning; and James G. White, Belleisle.—In Pots and Boxes, at 1s. 9d., 4s. 6d. and 7s. each. There is a very considerable saving in taking the larger sizes.

N. B.—Directions for the guidance of patients are affixed to each Box.

HAMS.—Just received per Steamer Eastern City from Boston—2 Casks superior Sugar cured HAMS—For sale by

G. M. BURNS, South Market Wharf.

August 4.